

259

THE

east
village



OTHER

VOL.2 NO.9

APR. 1 - APR. 15

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EASTER: SURVIVAL CITY



THE East Village OTHER



The East Village Other is published semi-monthly at 147 Ave. A, New York, N. Y. 10009. 1 Year sub (24 issues) \$3.00. Phone 473-8894.

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Second-class postage paid at New York, New York

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER IS A MEMBER OF UPS (Underground Press Syndicate).



Dear EVO:

Your recent indictment of WOR-FM's chicken shit censorship policy has raised some feathers among the stations' roosters. This afternoon disc jockey Johnny Michaels commented that a week after the original incident the previous unmentionable name of your paper was spoken over their holy airways. He admonished you for passing judgement on the station before the public relations department had a chance to correct the mistake and restore the station's ratings in the hip community.

This was not the first time that WOR-FM has changed the color of its flag in midstream. When Murray the K started playing Simon and Garfunkel's "A Simply Desultory Phillipic" the words "and I learned the truth from Lenny Bruce", and "so I smoke a pint of tea a day," were beeped into oblivion by an overzealous censor playing the Freudian role of the station's superego. One of WBAI-FM's free wheeling announcers laid it on the line and put down Murry the K for letting it happen. Then just last week the song was played on WOR-FM in its unexpurgated form. This points to the reality of criticism and should lead to further attacks on the staunchness of the censorship set. The ears of the Madison Avenue mongrels who are so sensitive to criticism through media will remain open to us as long as the hip image continues to fill their coffers. It sounds almost as if we can buy them off with our criticism. Doesn't it?

Love & Hallucinations
 Efraim Fable

Dear EVO:

A few weeks ago you had an article, "Blowing the Mind", on the revitalizing effects produced by a positive electric charge machine. Today I happened upon an explanation of this effect while grubbing for a course. The positive electric charge makes the nerve cell become negatively charged, which results in a lowered threshold for its excitation. Lowered threshold means less energy is needed to make brain and nerve cells work. In the experiment, they noted increased alertness, better mood, more outspokenness, and a tendency to giggle. When negative electric charge was applied the subjects became silent and withdrawn, with slightly slowed down thinking. (This is also the reason we feel better on a clear dry day, when there are more positive charges in the air.)

One can easily see that the releasing of massive doses of positive electric charges into the atmosphere would change international politics (can you see Johnson giggling and with thought speeded up beyond the moron level?) Cure mental illness, and lower the divorce rate. (The curing of mental illness may also help Johnson.) Someone must start a Committee to Positively Charge the Atmosphere (COPCA). We can't afford to wait! (It should be made a building code regulation that every abode and street corner have one of those machines.)

Onward COPCA!
 Maurice Rogoff

P.S. Reading EVO is definitely like being positively charged.

Dear EVO:

Please give us more of SUNSHINE GIRL comics and such. Sometimes you have love-thoughts and sometimes you have Big Auger against The Evil Forces but this is the first time they are together in one place, and they really all flow together, right?

Yours,
 Becky Robinson

Dear EVO:

Your paper has attracted my eye and as I am not religious and have no father confessor, I would like to confess to you and say something that only people experienced with drugs may understand.

Robert MacNamara is a consistent and habitual user of the drug Amphetamine.

This fact I have witnessed first hand. I cannot tell you of the circumstances as I may reveal myself in so doing. The dangers of having my name known as the source of such information are obvious and manifold.

I have seen the syringe case amongst his toilet articles; I have seen MacNamara excuse himself at conferences and return wide eyed and smiling, consistently day after day for many months.

I hope it is enough that I tell you and that you will understand the importance of such a situation.

I am no longer with the government. I was so minor in those affairs and so much time has passed since, that I feel safe in unburdening myself this way to you. I hope that this may add to our young people's understanding of events.

A Citizen

Cover Photo/Joel Peter Witkin



SAFETY FIRST

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS SYNDICATE exists to facilitate the transmission of news, features and advertising between anti-establishment, avant garde, new-left, youth oriented periodicals which share common aims and interests. Its members are free to pick up each other's features without remuneration. (The UPS service can be subscribed to by outside organizations at fees commensurate with exposure and/or circulation.) Total circulation of UPS papers is at present 264,000, a figure reached by adding together the most recent issue sale for all the following papers (some of which appear monthly or fortnightly):

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER, 147 Avenue A, New York 10009.
 THE LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS, 5903 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038.
 THE BERKELEY BARB, 2421 Oregon Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94705.
 THE FIFTH ESTATE, 923 Plum Street, Detroit, Michigan 48201.
 THE RAG, Thorne Dreyer, 2506 Nueces, Austin, Texas.
 THE ILLUSTRATED PAPER, Philip A. Bianchi, P.O. Box 541, Mendocino, Calif. 95400.
 THE WASHINGTON INDEPENDENT, 1047 31st Street, Washington, D.C. 20007.
 THE INTERNATIONAL TIMES, 102 Southampton Row, London WC2, England.
 GRAFITI, P.O. Box No. 8326, 30th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
 GUERILLA, Artists Workshop Press, 4825-27 John Lodge, Detroit, Michigan 48201.
 THE PAPER, 130 Linden Street, East Lansing, Michigan 48823.
 SANITY, 3237 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, 18, PQ Canada.
 PEACE NEWS, 5 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N1, Eng.
 WIN, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038.
 THE EAGLE, The American University, Mass. and Neb. Avenues N.W., Washington, D.C. 20016.
 THE PROMOTHEAN, 560 Grover Cleveland Highway, Eggertsville, N.Y. 14226.
 ART AND ARTISTS, 16 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1, England.
 PEACE BRAIN, 3430 N. Elaine Place, Apt. 2, Chicago, Illinois.
 SATYRDAY, Box 12, 340 Bathurst Street, Toronto, Ontario, Can.
 CROCODILE, Box 12488, Univ. Station, Gainesville, Florida.
 OBERLIN OTHER, 285 E. College Street, Oberlin, Ohio.
 Paul Dorpat, 111 Florentia, Seattle, Wash. 98109.
 PUNCH, c/o Paper Book Center, 568 Main Street, Worcester, Mass. 01608.
 SAN FRANCISCO ORACLE, 1542 Haight Street, San Francisco, Calif.
 MON CUL, 4526 Roosevelt Ave. N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105.
 CANADIAN FREE PRESS, Student Co-op Argyle House, 53 Argyle, Ottawa, Canada.

Dear EVO,

I was recently inducted into the mass murder machine known as the U.S. Army. We were told at a briefing that anyone who didn't agree with the army way or army actions in Viet Nam was no good to their country or themselves. I disagreed with them of course. It is hard to believe, but I am alone in my stand. You are treated like slaves, mocked and they try to make you look like a complete fool. You try to explain the greatness of grass, LSD and other mind expansion miracles. I have to keep the peace, and most of all I have to keep the faith that I am right in my convictions. I have only 1 yr. and 8 months left. Even the chaplain, a man of God, told me that our presence in Viet Nam was like that of a policeman. I ended the conversation with the thought that a policeman didn't kill thousands of civilians guilty of only being the targets of American Imperialism. In short, I would like to hear from people who believe in grass, acid and in the way of life the Village offers. I should be home in 3 months if not prosecuted for my beliefs. It's like another world here--a world of air-heads. Almost every day we are pumped with bullshit propaganda. I wouldn't wish this fuckin life on anyone. It sucks. It's no fuckin good. I need help from the outside. From people who believe in the same things I believe in.

Respectfully,
 Pvt. Jack G. Court
 US 52 986 794
 Co. B 1st Bn 1st TNG Bde.
 USATC
 Ft. Campbell, Ky. 42223

Dear EVO:

HELP! About a month ago, Nils Andersen, a furniture importer from Denmark, was arrested for possession of Hashish. Today Nils is in the house of Detention, he is broke, and has very few friends to turn to in the United States. As a friend of Nils I am asking for contributions which may bring some relief to his unjust situation. Please send any sum - no matter how small - to me; Mel Romanoff, P.O. Box 551, N.Y., N.Y., 10003

Dear EVO:

An idea occurred to me the other day that may make the distribution of "dangerous drugs" easier for those who enjoy the effects that one can get by using them. It will not solve the problem of distribution, but it will make it less hazardous.

The program requires concerted action by all citizens who believe that the use of drugs ought to be a matter of personal choice. What if large numbers of people made references to pot in every letter they wrote, closed conversations on the phone with a request for 100 amphetamines or barbitols, and made references to fictitious sources of acid whenever using the facilities of mass communication? With a sufficient level of cooperation, the question answers itself. If only drug users would cooperate it seems clear that the plan would only aid the FDA et al in suppressing drug traffic. But if we only got wide participation, the police would be faced with millions of clues every day, and unable to distinguish the valid orders, requests and solicitations from the ringers, and would abandon the spying technique.

If this idea is to work at all, it must have complete cooperation.

Sincerely,
 Doug Cram

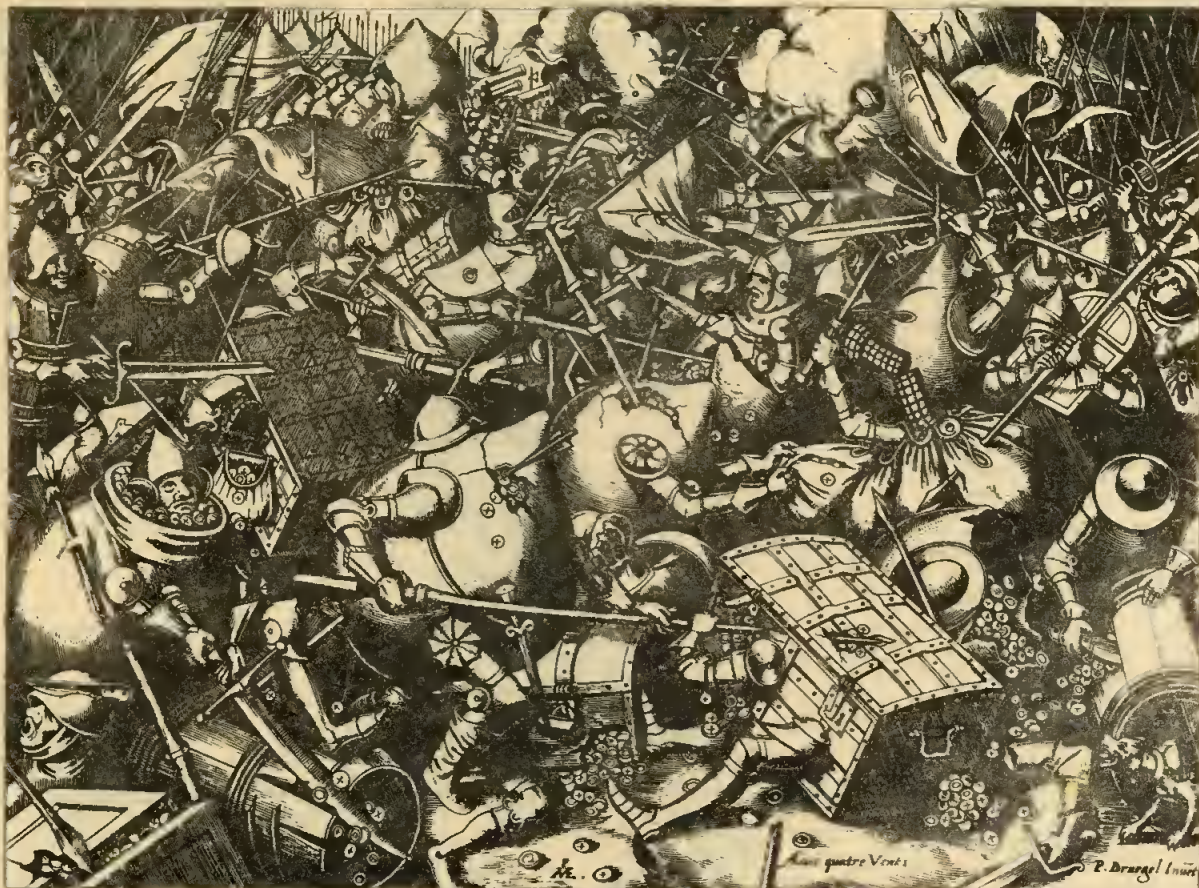


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NOTICE

THE IDEOLOGY OF FAILURE



The Fight of the Money-bags and Strong-boxes

we knew it but we could not say it, and if we can begin to say it now, it is because we have left reality behind. Dead, the others have not been separated. They still bover around their corpses. We are not dead, but we are separated.

From the time we begin to call our childhood our past we seek to regain its simplicity. Its tense of presence. We tumble into drugs and cleave reality into so many levels of game. We turn our backs on the mess and walk into the woods, but only for a time. A game is a game is a game is a game and we return to the silent-crowded-uptight sidewalks with our pockets full of absurdity and compromise between cowardice and illusion.

Wearing hipsterism on our sleeves, we make music with mercenary groups who bleed money from any fools on the street, or we carve leather into sandals for twenty dollars a pair, or shape forms into art while a psychiatrist whispers formulae for a healthy and profitable life-lihood into our ear. And we smile all the time and stack a stereo with names we meet at parties and scoff at all the Sanpaku people cluttering up outside. We explode the myth of seriousness and wrap our bodies in a vinyl shield to coat our minds with a microcosmic awareness of our own safety.

Our salaried hipness blankets us in the warmth of security until we masturbate ourselves into an erection of astral rapaciousness and grab whatever pleasures we might in the name of Love, always quick to contrast ourselves with middle-class man.

If there is a contrast, it is slight. Hip and middle-class (as well as communist, fascist, socialist, monarchist, etc.) values, goals, reactions, and attitudes often different styles, but amount to the same end: personal, national, or racial success. "Rien ne reussi comme le Sucés!"

The hipster, however, invites the indignation of his allies with a mockery of 'straightness' and his alienation from the social norms of morality and dress. He is the perfection of success: liberated from the inhibitive life of bourgeoisie conformity and established in a packed class of happiness which combines the highest material pleasure with a total lack of commitment to middle-class humanism.

He is hated, feared, envied, and loved. He is a man who can sing about the evils of the world, the beauty of touch, the delicacy of flowers and scream systemicide from beneath a satin pillow while margining profits into war economies and maintaining his comfort on a consumer level of luxurious self destruction.

Well, when some of us get to that bracket, either through fame or fortune, we look at ourselves and remeber the 'funk' that pushed us into the lime and we shrug the politics of ecstasy right out of our lives. We drop out all over again and go back to the woods, and stare at the preposterousness of doing our thing within the frame of a competitive reality that can incorporate and market anyone, anything, anytime on any terms.

Then we begin to understand that if some attempt is not made to manage the world with love, it will run mad and overwhelm everything, including the woods.

And it is here that we fail.

WE FAIL TO RECOGNIZE REALITY-
EVERYTHING IS REAL

WE FAIL TO SEEK POWER-AUTONOMY
WE FAIL TO COMPETE -A TRIBE IS
COMPARATIVE

WE FAIL TO HAIL HEROES-COURAGE IS
IMPLICIT

WE FAIL TO COMPROMISE-FREEDOM
HAS NO END

WE FAIL TO IDENTIFY-WE ARE NOT
THAT

WE FAIL TO CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITY
THAT THE WILLIE STARKS OF THE
NEW LEFT, THE OLD LEFT, THE MIDDLE
AND THE RIGHT, THE HIP AND THE
STRAIGHT WILL NOT BE REPULSED
BY THE EMOTION OF MYSTERY THAT
THE UNQUARANTINED NON-POLITICAL
ANIMALS OF HISTORY ARE REVEALING
WITH THEIR FAILURES.

for the best in books, paperbacks,
little mags, underground presses,
and publishers' overstock—

Eighth St. Bookshop

Greenwich Village's Famous Bookshop,

17 West 8th Street

THE POST COMPETITIVE, COMPARATIVE GAME
OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE COMMUNITY.

Our state of awareness demands that we uplift our efforts from competitive game playing to the comparative roles of a Tribal community. We must pool our resources and interact our energies to provide the freedom for our individual activities.

THE PEACE EYE
383 East 10th ST.

475-9350

Will co-ordinate FREE activities, direct rent donations where they are most needed, provide a reference point for legal assistance, act as a mailing address for new arrivals, and guide random energies into the comparative involvement of the tribe.

SERVICES AVAILABLE (OR NEARLY)

Legal Aid through the Jade Companions' contact with VERA.

Free books.

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Co-operative farms.

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Free Mimeographing/Printing. (You provide the paper)

Good soup - free food in the park, on the streets, in the spring.

The trip without a ticket - give, take, or exchange beautiful things.

Open pads for shelter and sleep.

FREE EVENTS - Clean-ins, be-ins, balls, readings, films, concerts....

Free school, tours, and instruction for children through LEAP.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE DISCOVERED SOCIAL ACTIVITY IS AN ART FORM, OR WHO ARE INTERESTED IN DOING THEIR THING FOR FREE, OR WILLING TO INVOLVE THEMSELVES IN ANY WAY SHOULD CONTACT THE PEACE EYE WHERE THEY MAY BE DIRECTED TO AN AREA WHERE THEY CAN PERFORM UNTIL THEY FEEL IT BEAUTIFUL TO STOP.

THE TRIP WITHOUT A TICKET
641 East 9th Street.

Is a storefront with a free frame of reference. It is an area where people who have or make beautiful things can leave them as gifts to other people. It is a place where different artists or groups of artists can sculpt and create an environment of Total Theatre. It is a place where children can take away books, musical instruments, and a taste of love.

It is a social art form and everyone is invited to involve themselves in its growth. CONTACT PEACE EYE OR PAUL (475-5211)

THE CLEAN-IN

The first Clean-In will begin Saturday morning, 8 April at 11 a.m. The miasma of East 7th Street will be attacked from Avenue D to 3rd Avenue. TRUCKS are desperately needed to carry the decades of rubbish from the lots, hallways and allies to the oblivion of the city dump.

The Clean-Ins will be scheduled once a week until all the streets of the Lower East Side are cleansed of the Establishment's criminal negligence. For further info call: THE PEACE EYE OR BOB FASS (WBAI) OX 7 2288 after midnight.

RUN, DICK,

THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER'S GHETTO PRIMER

One of the blocks against learning to read in the Deprived Social Situation that exists around us is the total lack of identification with the reality of the environment. Slum kids can't pick up concepts and ideas based on a remote and alien culture, especially a prosperous one. What does a "little house with a white picket fence, a jolly pet dog, and friendly merchants" mean to them, "Meals with meat every day, and plenty of milk to drink and a new car for Daddy to drive"? If Slum kids are going to learn to read and be challenged thereby to evolve and grow out of the social trap, why not a First Reader that will "tell it the way it is, Man!" Here are a few suggestions for that kind of Reader.

Chapter 1

MY SCHOOL

This is my school.
It is an old school.
A very old school.
See the bump on my head.
Hurt hurt hurt.
The plaster ceiling in the very old school fell on my head.
See my desk.
A nail sticking out from my desk tore my coat.
Scratch scratch scratch.
It made a big tear.
See my skin.
It made a big cut.
When my mother sees this she will think I was fighting.
She will blame the school.
She will be half right.



Chapter 2

MY TEACHER

This is my teacher.
She is very young.
She is very nervous.
She never taught before.
It is fun to make her cry.
We are a discipline problem.
She does not mind if we curse.
She does not speak Spanish so she does not know when we curse.
But we like our teacher.
She is a groove.
When we first stole from her pocketbook we found interesting things.
We took the money.
But we left the pills.
One for each day of the week, in a little dial thing.
Next week, teacher is going to tell us about the Population Explosion.

Chapter 3

MY HOUSE

This is my house.
I live on the top floor.
Walk up walk up walk up.
Six flights up.
My mother has heart trouble.
See the front door.
It does not close.
It will let all the heat out in winter.
Only there is no heat to let out.
So the winter comes in to my house.
See the hall toilet.
Smell smell smell.
The hall toilet door does not close either.
It will let all the smell out.
Four families use the hall toilet.
No shit! FOUR families.

Chapter 4

MY PET

See my pet.
He is very small.
My pet has millions of brothers.
My pet has millions of sisters.
They all live at my house.
My pet is not very smart.
I brought my pet to school for "show and tell".
When my teacher saw him, she screamed.
My teacher says my pet is a roach.
My teacher is wrong.
I know better.
A roach is what Uncle Juan smokes all the time.

Puff! Puff!



Chapter 5

MY LANDLORD

This is my landlord.
He has a funny name.
His name is "Acme Holding Corp.,
in trust for Jo-Ernie Enterprises,
Incorporated in the State of Delaware."
Nobody ever sees my landlord.
His Agent never sees him.
His Lawyer never sees him.
His Management Corporation never sees him.
The Building Inspector never sees him.
The Bureau of Internal Revenue never sees him.
His wife never sees him.
His Swiss Banker saw him once.

Chapter 6

MY WELFARE CASE WORKER

See my Welfare Case-Worker.
She's all the time tired.
Six times this year she's run up six flights, to my house.
Six times she missed catching my Pop at home.
She has given up trying to find the new TV.
We leave the beer cans around when she comes.
We even offer her whiskey.
She's given up on us.
She says "We're all alike."
Now's the time to hit her up for a big allotment.
Our family broke down six case workers so far.



Chapter 7

MY FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD POLICEMAN

See my friendly Neighborhood Policeman.
Man... you got good eyesight!



Lights

The world of prismatic enchantment embraces us nightly in the big cities. Refractions and relections gather on the walls of metal, buildings, in the glass walls and windows, on the shiny wet pavements, in the windowshields of cars, fleeting spectrum colors appear and disappear like dreams. Red, green, purple, orange, rings and spirals shoot up on bar tables under the glasses, in the cups on cafeteria counters. Modern cities are full of the prismatic delights.

No wonder that an ingenious inventor got the bright prismatic idea to do something about it. And he invented the shiny light-paper, which can be put where everyone wants it to brighten up the body, the dress, the face. Skin jewels are here, and they are here to stay.

At Happenings and Art openings girls and boys are wearing them placed like the Indian cast-signs, on the middle of the forehead, above the eyes, on the earlobes, on the cheeks or where ever ones phantasy wants them to be, and they are stealing the scene.

The face of a girl becomes a painting. It's the new kind of a tatoo, easily put on, and taken off again. No pain or messing around are involved. The jewels come in many different geometrical forms: Rounds, triangles, ellipses, tiny dots, rhomboids.

The first time they made the NY Art scene was the the USCO-Riverdale Museum show a year ago. Steve Durkee and Gert Stern wore the tiny shiny disques and gave them away to their friends. I wore one, and it brought me luck. It's a kind of magical sign, I believe. It signified light and brightness, optimism and love, the sun, the warmth, Life!



by Europe's greatest Happenings artist

Dé-coll/age Happenings by Wolf Vostell

All the Happenings texts to date, plus 15 large prints of the scores, in a box: \$15.00

Something Else Press, Inc.
160 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010

The defraction paper used to make the little paper stick ons is made by a complicated machine and one can easily produce millions of the disques and triangles and such shapes to use for ornamentation. "Ornamentation is, so I feel, the latest Ism in Art, and human faces and bodies will serve as art work, alive art, mixed media stuff.

Explode

Each person can be his own painting. You can use skin jewels any old way, abstract or realistic - just try your luck and buy some dozen of them. I noticed at one of the recent parties a beautiful dark haired chick wearing a pair of low-heeled shoes all covered with the jewels. While swinging rock-rhythmically the shoes shone like trembling comets...another had the jewels trailing all over her long hair.

THE VISIONARIES

This exhibition, which opened March 21 and will run until April 8, represents various styles of the "New Art", devoted to the emphasis of ornaments and patterns in intricate mannerism, called and popularized under the often misused term of psychedelic. Maybe some of the images, one can see in the East Hamton Gallery are influence by the visions of psychedelic experience, but the shapes and colors which confront us in this interesting show are well known and have their precursors in the works of the Austrian painters Egon Schiele, Gustav Klimt, and Alfred Kubin, and German Expressionists; in Indian art and in some of the surrealists.

The most impressive piece of the show is a huge mandala, which is made in four sections and intricately painted in lively colors by Mathias Karlwein. He worked on the painting from 1963 to 1965. It's iconography is complicated. The figurative elements are used ornamental like the abstract forms in a Persian rug, intersected with tiny colored abstract shapes. Another mandala shaped canvas shown in the window by Adrian Gornik has Indian influence, it represents a huge goddess-like female figure. Also in the window are the light-works of Rudi Stern and Jackie Cassen. Willaim Barrells' Freak Circus painting is lively and colorful, strangely looms the "In between Visions" double figure

from the

painting of Walter Bowart, telling it's story in large writing "Crayole Flesh" and "Choice of One, White", and "Love" written on a shrouded figure of a girl, the other girl holding a plater with a lobster, as in Salome the head of Jokanaan. The Visionaries are definitely concerned with the ornament, and subject matter, which were the fashion at the beginning of this century, when Art Nouveau and Movies like the one now to be seen in the Huntington Hartford museum

Skin

"Oscar Wilde's Salome", based on illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, has been the craze.

LIL PICARD

IT SNIT

American subscribers to the INTERNATIONAL TIMES, EVO's Underground Press sister publication, should be warned that the London authorities presently have possession of IT's mailing and subscription file. The IT will be temporarily out of commission, as the result of a monster bust on March 9, during which both IT headquarters and the Indica bookstore were severely disordered. Besides the IT office files, used and unused copy, ten thousand IT issues, and the entire correspondence files, the New Scotland Yard officers seized several books from the upstairs bookstore. To date, Miles (IT editor) has not informed the EVO that any of this material has been returned.

Regular and narcotics officers invaded the IT-Indica premises with a search and seizure warrant issued under the Obscene Publications Act. After seizing an extensive list of publications, the cops then demanded to search everyone associated with the Indica concern, 'for weed'. Although their warrant authorizes them to seize any material they wished, 'with force if necessary', Indica manager Miles refused to submit to a frisk. All other Indica personnel were searched, roughly, including the salesgirls. The officers then conducted a thorough inspection of every ashtray and dustbin in the store.

DO UP YOUR HOME & HEAD
IN ONE TRIP.

prana

2320 Broadway at 84th St.

874-3710

Charging that the New York officers illegally extended their rights of investigation by searching for shit under an Obscene Publications warrant, Miles has retained solicitors Carroll and Rapp, Ltd., 128 Baker Street, London W.1. Anyone concerned with this flagrant instance of legalized injustice is invited to get in touch with Carroll and Rapp; Miles is collecting a list of names to support his case, the more cosmopolitan the better. IT-Indica is also fairly uptight for cash presently, and the legal costs are expected to total around four thousand pounds--roughly twelve thousand dollars, even with the Sterling crisis.

The publications seized by the New York includes copies of Burroughs NAKED LUNCH, Cremer's, 1, JAN CREMER, Rexroth's MEMOIRS OF A SHY PORNOGRAPHER, and our own EAST VILLAGE OTHER. This would appear to be the logical extension of a recent hysterical anti-smut drive by some Parliament members, which was inaugurated a month ago with the banning of Selby's LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN, complete with a book-burning. The paintings of Jim Dine and Stan Parakus have also come under prosecution recently, and Happening artists John Sharkey and Gustav Metzger are facing charges in British court.

EVO is extremely distressed over the outrageous treatment of IT. If Twiggy is the sexiest expression of British culture that Parliament will tolerate, then the sun has truly set on the soggy old Empire.

SENSUOUS

EAR PIERCING

Free with purchase of
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118 MACDOUGAL STREET

6 p.m. — 11 p.m.

GE3-5355

The BLACK CAPSULE

BY KENWARD ELMSLIE / DRAWN BY JOE BRAINARD

INTO ITS INNARDS,
THE PRIVATE PARTS
OF THE
ANTIQUE
DOLL,



INSPECTOR NARK'S HAND DELVED.

ITS REAL-LIFE COUNTERPART.
"THUNK, MARB."
THEY SLEPT "SO",
KNIFE-AND-FORK FASHION,
IN EACH OTHER, AWRY.



SKIN FLAKING. LIKE
AMPUTEES GRAPPLING
WITH GREASY
TORPEDOS.

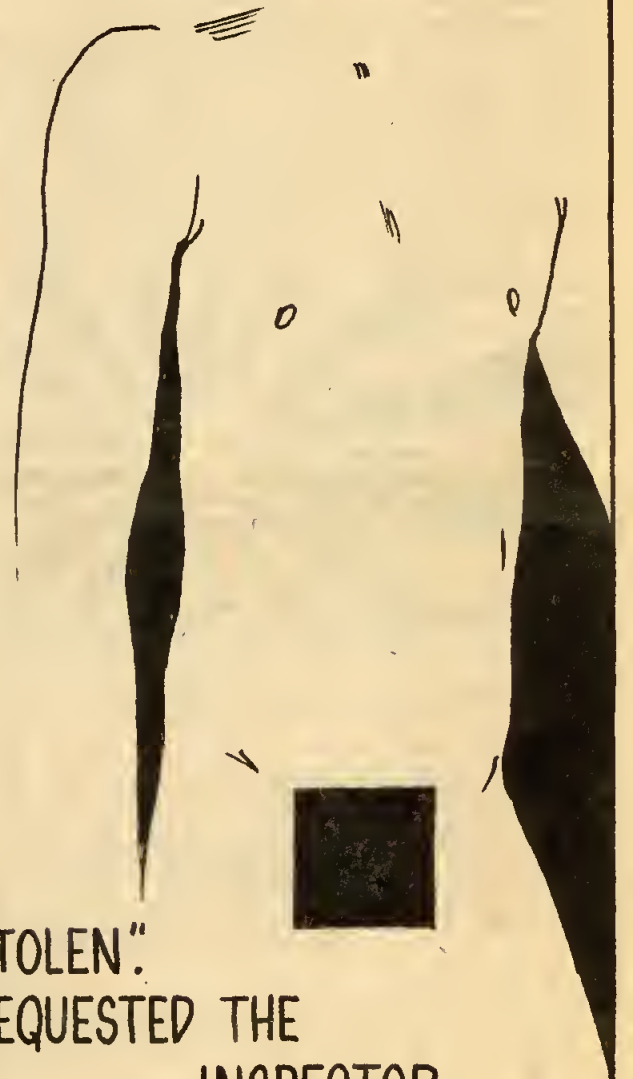
SUSPICIOUS
MOTTLES: ON AUNT RUBY'S
"50-YRS-WITH-COMPANY"
ORCHID.



MOVE TO SILHOUETTE
CITY, SILH.



JUNIOR'S LOINS "STOLEN".
"TURN AROUND", REQUESTED THE
INSPECTOR.



STUDENT MACHINES

What happens to all those students who don't protest computerized education? Why, they learn how to automate their brains and go to the head of the class. Statistics reveal some of the ways college students are turning into available mechanical means to higher grades and better term papers. One of these is the tape-recorder technique of collecting and memorizing class lecture material. Sony, the Japanese manufacturer of low-priced tape-recorders estimates that it sold some 20,000 of their machines to U.S. students last year.

Note-taking from "reserve" books in the college libraries, which requires some elective thought on the part of the student, is now being made obsolete by the use of the coin-operated "photocopy" machines. More than 300 quarters were fed to one of these in the library of a large university prior to the recent midterm exam period.

HIPPIE GO HOME

Mexico is having a spring cleaning, and its the hippies who are getting the broom up their ass. Right now, all one has to do is grow long hair and a beard and he is liable for arrest. The tourist season is reaching its height and the plaid paunches of American businessmen with their families are bloating over most of the beach resort areas making these the greatest trouble spots for hapless hippie, while the south and the interior are left relatively free. It's not the Mexican people, you see, who protest their presence, but the long arm of American bureaucracy influencing Mexican politics and the complaints of American tourists that aim at keeping the jails full of non-conformists. The word is that many Mexican cities -- Guaymas, Los Mochis, and Colima, to name just a few -- plan to be rid of their foreign gypsies by Easter vacation time.

As an example of what an underground tourist might expect to find when he crosses the border, EVO is reprinting the following excerpts from Gary Keapproth, who was one of the 24 arrested on February 23 in San Blas. That's a little town 100 miles north of Puerto Vallarta which looked like it was going to be this year's hippie and tourist retreat. But, San Blas is definitely not what's happening.

"...One night we were snatched from rented homes and from the street by cops carrying rifles, and thrown in a large cattle truck. All of us, chicks included, were transported to the local jail with no mention of why we were there. We were questioned the following day as to possession of a small amount of marijuana, which was found in some of the homes. Later that day, some of us were released by a mysterious method involving an elaborate means of distinguishing who was guilty and who wasn't. Mainly, who looked straightest. At this time it was decided by the cops and local politicians that we would make better citizens if our hair and beards were removed. We resisted, peacefully, and were allowed to keep our scalps. But this leniency embarrassed the cops, so, as a show of love, we were dragged (literally) to trucks and taken to the state capital, Tepic. There we were divided up, some being deposited in small crowded jail cells with no sanitation facilities, and some in the drunk tank. "Some of us spent four days in these quarters, until, by another random method, 8 of us were again weeded out, and taken to the state pen. Ten more, some sick and unable to obtain medical attention, still await deportation in filthy overcrowded cells. This is rather ironic, because the local papers had reported that we were arrested because we were contrary to health laws."

Keapproth and his cellmates need financial help. They have gone through the formality of hiring a lawyer (\$1600.), and they can also expect to be heavily fined prior to their release. Most of the accused are in jail in the first place for guilt by association, and the standard fine (over \$500 at least) are for charges against them which are poorly substantiated by the evidence. Nevertheless, they have been told that once they pay their fines and their lawyer, they will be let go after the end of the tourist season. Anyone wishing to trade some American dollars for their freedom should write: Gary Keapproth, Penitencia del Estado, Tepic, Nayarit, MEXICO.



By Walter Bowart

Flying over the snow-capped tits of America, watching the Rockies melt then over the long parched throat of the land, its canyons and mesas, it is easy to imagine how the first California settlers must have felt when they reached the far side of the Sierra Madres: Yes, Jesus, the promised land! The rest of the world seems insignificant compared to this example of God's work, while at the end of the long glide Los Angeles throbs with garishness and Hollywood-idiotry enough to convince even the most severe skeptic that yes, pop can be art. The spectrum of religious freaks from Aimee MacPherson to the L.A. hybrid acid culture is complete, compounded with chaos and commercialism. 1984 begins here.

In an L.A. car rental place we learned from the coiffed blond faggot behind the counter who wouldn't rent us a car (we didn't have a credit card) that the cops were looking for the Buffalo Springfield. Just what they wanted them for wasn't made clear -- but anyone who has heard their record STOP doesn't have to ask. Meanwhile, out at the country work farm the prisoners are busy painting WW II armored cars, sticking Sherrif stickers on the doors. The cars are fully armed and speculation is running high as to whether they will be used on the spades or the hippies, or both. (Remember, it was the L.A. cops who started the Watts riots by pushing very hard. In fact, they were beating up a mother and son in the street because the boy was drunk, they said.)

Watts is a ghetto because of isolation, not poverty. The houses there are modest but not run down, and the same California sun highlights the same lush greenness as elsewhere in L.A. But the black children playing in the shadows of Sam Rodia's Watts Towers play alone, cut off from the city which surrounds them by an invisible wall. There are no rapid transit systems extending into this community which lies just "on the wrong side of the tracks" smack in the middle of L.A. There are no supermarkets, no

bowling alleys, no recreation halls, and parks. And the police make it very difficult for the people to hold dances in the few clubs that struggle to exist. The city had a chance during the last election to vote for the building of a hospital in Watts, which has none, but they failed to do so; it is still a four hour round trip to the nearest hospital. No wonder things blew up.

"There is no right and wrong. It was just like a war. The police helicopters were overhead everywhere and the place was crawling with leftist do-gooding social workers with bags full of pat answers", says Jeanne Morgan of the Free Press, who was in Watts round riot time.

After two years the terrible destruction still shows in the scarred and empty sites of the main street. Progress is being made, but progress into the American consumer dream which makes all other rags to riches stories seem dull. As one black fellow put it "I wish they'd burned the whole damn city. What we really want is to live in Beverly Hills."

Stan Myles, publicity director of the Westminster Neighborhood Association, showed us proudly around this L.A. version of MFY. There was a school with real classrooms, where the "drop-outs" are paid to finish high school. A job placement center with very pretty interviewers, an auditorium and a recreation room -- the only such facility in Watts. But the thing he took most pride in was a roomful of computers that are used to feed the Federal Gov't. the statistics drawn from interviews with the population.

The Provos recently came to Watts with a large truck sporting the sign LET THE POOR GIVE TO THE RICH. They loaded the truck with garbage and junk from Watts and deposited the load in Beverly Hills.

You leave Watts with nothing but questions.

Continued on page 14



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BARKING FUZZ



by Philip Proctor

In a recent AP release from the British Isles, it was revealed the Labrador retrievers trained to smell out marijuana have been effectively used by narcotics officers in the tracking and arrest of some thirty young dope addicts. Now it has come to this reporter's attention that events are underway to enlist similar canine support in the battle against marijuana addiction being waged daily in L.A.

In an unprecedented interview granted me with Sgt. Trotsky of the L.A. Narcotics division, I was informed that a highly secretive training program has been established in La Jolla (pronounced La Hoya) and for several weeks now dogs of different breeds have been put through a most thorough screening process. It is hoped that soon America will have a new weapon in the fight against the evils of narcotics: the POTHOUND.

As Sgt. Trotsky says, "Seeking out the marijuana user or POTHEAD as the jargon has it, is our most difficult endeavor. So that's why these animals are being trained. In fact, we've gone to the trouble and extent of importing one of the finest Scottish sniffers to aid in helping the training of the other dogs." Along with the Scottie, who was unfortunately unavailable for comment, was his trainer, a strikingly intense, bristling little man named Helmut Gourru -- an expatriot Latvian presently associated with the international police division of Scotland Yard. Helmut explained that during WW II, he had befriended a German Shepard who led him to safety through a heavily mined turnip field, and since that time he has devoted himself to dogs and their uses. He went on to explain that the idea for the POTHOUND Corps came to him last year when a beagle he was caring for named "Fang" had attached him as he lit up his favorite pipe tobacco. The rest is history.

Naturally, the initial method of training is a secret, but I was privileged to witness some of the new recruits as they ran through their paces in a specially designed test of the animals ability on the field.

On a large and quite realistic highschool setting borrowed from a local hollywood lot, young plainclothes officers sat and stood around dressed as 'hippies' smoking various herbal-vegetable materials, from Salems to catnip to actual marijuana cigarettes. Of course, these men do not inhale. One by one, the dogs were released on the grounds, and the test was on. Would the dogs pick up the scent? I watched, impressed and deeply moved, as dog after dog sneaked up on the officer smoking the Marijuana cigarette and casually peed on his trouser leg or boot--thus marking the addict for easy identification by the proper officials.

"Here's where we can tell the dogs from the mice, as it were", Sgt. Trotsky pointed out. "Those animals who'll continue in the program will come back to their trainer peppy and full-of-life, tails wagging; while those who can't take it -- here comes one now, see? That Spitz stumbling over there by the tree? Well, he's obviously stupefied, or 'stoned'. His little eyes are all glazed over, and he's smiling, if you see what I mean. He's a dropout for sure.

On the other hand, the pups who passed without becoming adversely affected by inhalation of the drug are given a treat and allowed to rest. Each one of them is given a 'roach' to eat. "Of course," added the Sergeant, "we have to limit the training periods and the treats or all the animals get stoned, and then they start peeing on us too."

And what does the future hold? Already police officials envision the time when specially trained undercover dogs will scour the city, undiscernable to the casual observer, setting up a howl upon contact with the odor of marijuana. Furthermore, a program to seek out 'acid heads' also known as LSD addicts, is presently underway. St. Bernards, selected because of their innocent expression are being condition to whimper and drool at the sight of someone 'on a trip.'


I talked to one of the dogs enlisted in this unique crime detection program, he's a Bulldog, a Yale graduate, named 'Pal', and he told me this:

"Well, man, it beats chasing cars, you know what I mean? Besides, I've seen the terrible effects these drugs can have on people. There was an Afghani in my neighborhood, a really nice guy, and he used to act strangely sometimes -- incommunicative and silly, you know? Well, apparently his master had been feeding him roaches, or something like that, and his head was getting all screwed up. Then one day I found him totally incoherent on the front lawn -- rolling on his back, snapping at the air, mumbling, eating bark off a tree -- real crazy! It was only later that I learned that he'd been 'taking a trip', on LSD. That his master had slipped into his Dog Yummies. Well, now, he's a hopeless schizophrenic. Won't howl with the rest of the boys. Runs away from cars and trucks. Won't chase cats. Pees on cops. Smells flowers. A real Freak. So, when I was offered this opportunity to enlist in the fight against crime, I lapped it up -- so to speak... Besides, it was this or getting drafted into the Vietnameses Canine Corps."

Sgt. Trotsky and his men are confident that these new methods will do much to counteract the growing narcotics problem in this country. As he states, "The community seems to be going to the dogs, and we're doing our best to stop it. Well...you know what I mean."

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REAL GREAT SOCIETY

The Lower East Side is organising for Life, its members are coming together, and no wonder it feels so good--participation is all voluntary and the aim is mutual: to secure freedom for the individual. While Johnson's Great Society goes on making war and Beautifyin' with its collective head up its ass, the ghetto landscape is sprouting magical growths like the Diggers, the Jade Companions, and now The Real Great Society, which promises to bridge the gap between the Puerto Ricans on Avenue D, and the hippies on Avenue A.



The Real Great Society originated with a group of Puerto Rican residents in the East Village who decided to move beyond the poverty fringe and make the talents of the Latin community work for them and the turned on members of the society at large. The results are two projects (so far): The Leather Bag and the Fabulous Latin House. Now here's where all this is at:

Early in April a mindblowing leather fashion shop will open on Avenue A and 10th Street, a Leather Bag to get into for all kinds of skin goodies like dresses, vests, boots, and name-your-thing, all



handmade and even made to order. Robert Nazario, the head Leather Bag Elf, has been working with other R.G.S. members in a loft on 5th Street producing the items shown in these photos. All designing, selling, and modelling will be done by R.G.S members, and profits will be turned back into the communal kitty. Eventually the



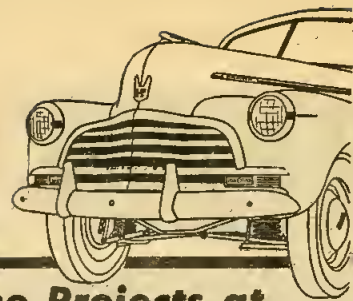
Real Great Society plans to move its goods Westward and even uptown, but without compromise or cop out.

The R.G.S is preparing a gathering place for all the varied residents of the Lower East Side furnishing a night club called the Fabulous Latin House.

The Real Great Society was founded by "Chino" Garcia, who developed the idea while working as an unofficial itinerant social worker during the last five years. Garcia and Nazario feel that outside agencies are not able to meet or understand the needs of the Puerto Rican groups, particularly the poor and the



teenagers. They say that the job can and should be done by actual members of the community helping each other.



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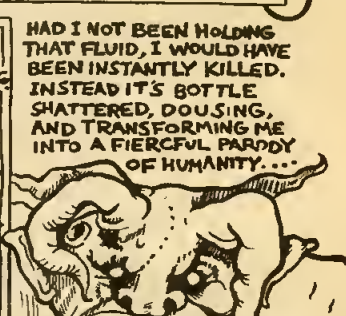
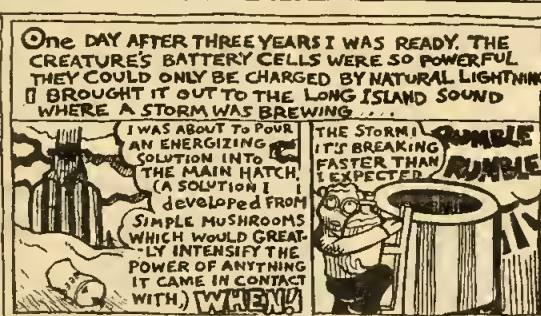
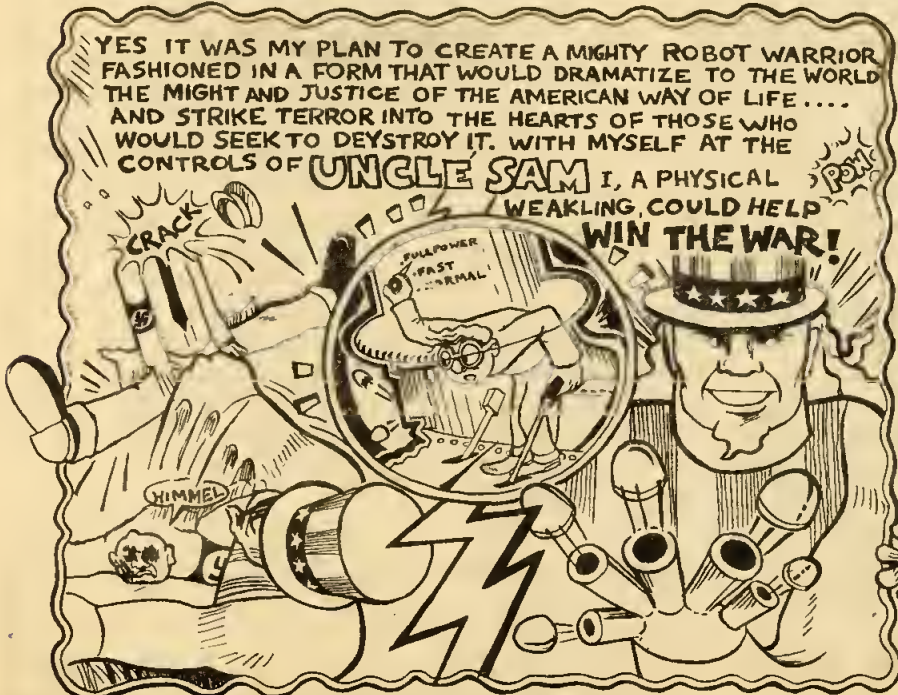
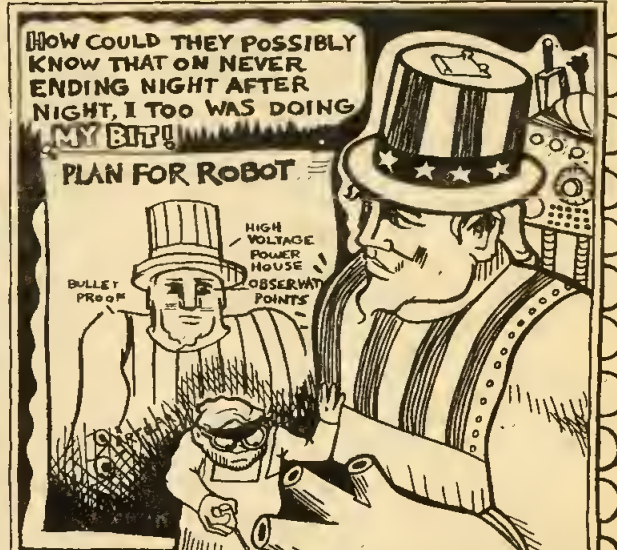
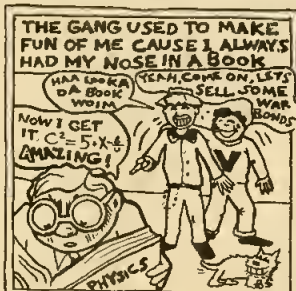
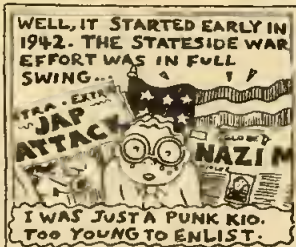
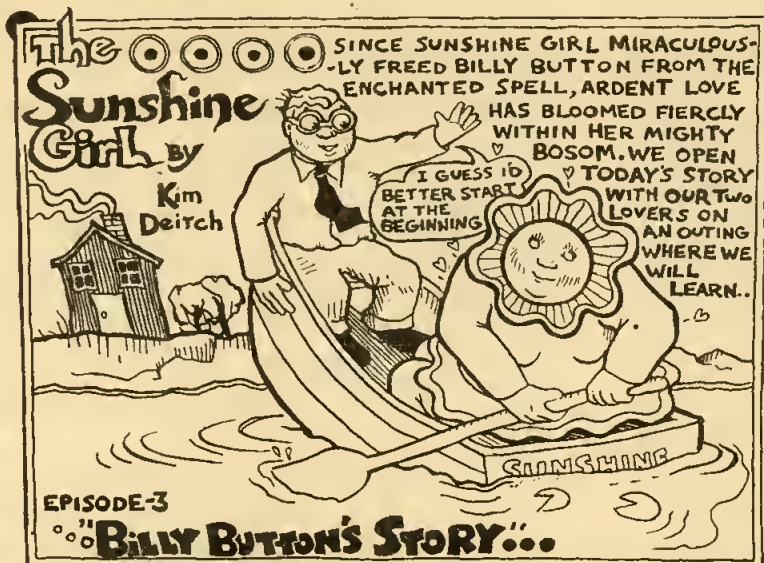
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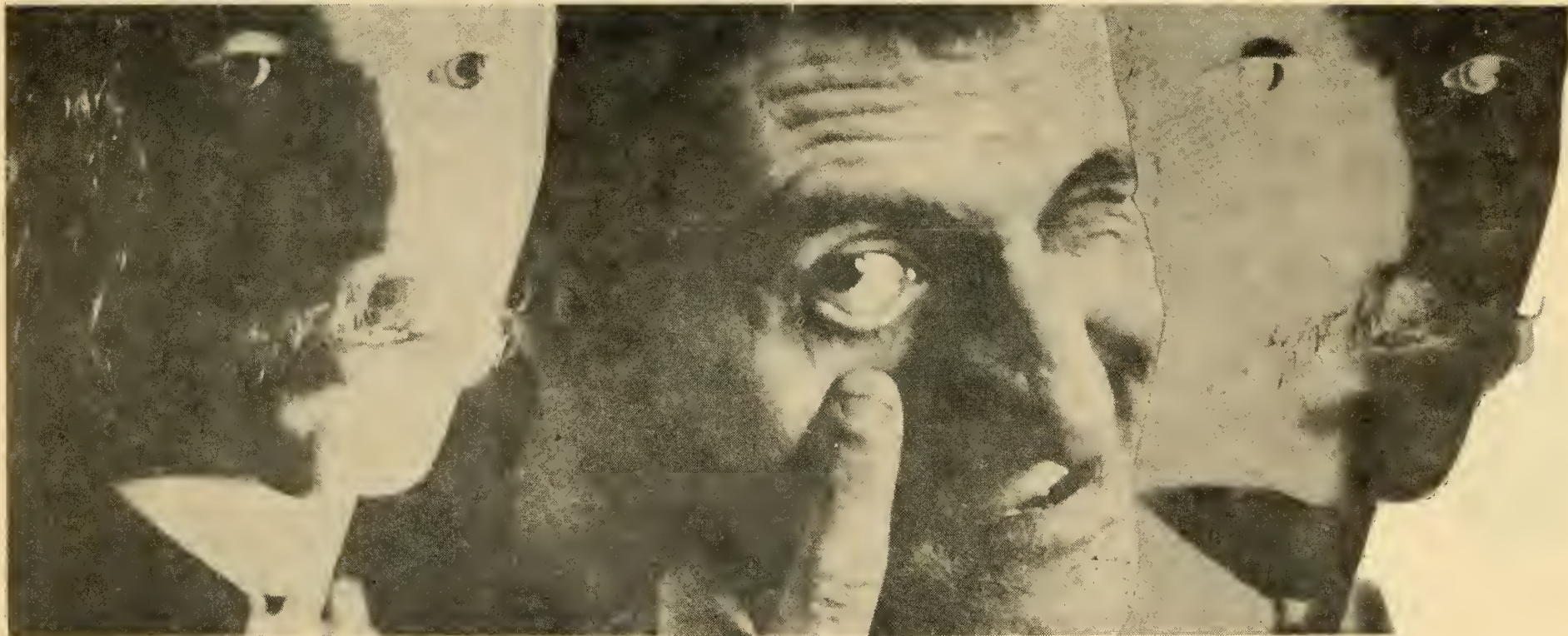
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PORN AND PUNISHMENT



By Dean Lattimer

"I don't mean to startle you but they are going to kill most of us." Kenneth Rexroth said that. And they will, they are, they do, they keep killing us, it's understandable, comes from being alive in the first place, they keep killing us, it's their bit. And of course, the best was to kill us is to silence us--excision, castration, Bowdlerization--it's cheap, it's safe, it's guaranteed efficient, and best of all, it's the most foul thing they can do to us. Dead poets are where poets belong, where they're best off; silent poets bubble and writhe, that's the way They like to see poets.

"They?" Everybody--everybody wants to censor, everybody and his penis wants to be a censor. I'd like to censor William Buckley, and I'm sure Buckley would be delighted to censor me; Buckley would doubtless have an easier time of it, since I utter obscenities occasionally, and he avoids them scrupulously: there are no legal penalties for halfass malignant horseshit, but the statute books have banks and columns of them for obscenities. In God we trust.

I can't bitch, though, because the poets seem to be the ones who keep getting the shaft. Right here in New York, the fuzz have seen fit to land on the poems of Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Gregory Corso, Phillip Whalen, and so on, Allen Katzman, W.H. Auden, Mike McClure, Joel Oppenheimer, and so forth--and holding the bag for all of these luminaries, who but Ed Sanders, poet-author-composer-arranger-performer-defendant and general Undergroundling, who published all of them.

(1)

ED SANDERS/ the editor of FUCK YOU/ a magazine of the Arts. A pacifist dopethrill psychopath and Guerrilla Lovefare spaceout. In addition to having the Ankh symbol tattooed on his penis, you will find the first 53 hieroglyphs of Ankh-en-Aten's HYMN TO THE SUN DISC, on his nuts. (FUCK YOU V:4--liner notes)

3 January 1966: The Tombs booking room --

"Hey Sanders--what's this about the tattoos? Thoughtcha said you didn't have any?"

"Huh? What the hell?"

"Drop the pants, Sanders. Let's see the tattoos."

"Oh, come on!"

"Drop 'em, Sanders. Let's have a look. Drop trou."

"Awww--fuck...."

That was over a year ago, Sanders has been in court sixteen times since then on the same smut charge, his face has been on LIFE magazine (Henry Luce died that week), and the last few copies of FUCK YOU are going at ten dollars to the collectors--item copy in certain area bookstores.

FUCK YOU was unique. It was about as far Underground as a publication can get, subterranean mimeography, gorgeous and flinty and clammy--acid, black and brilliant--and blent with the particular echoing sweaty violence of a j.d. summer rumble on a low-level IRT platform. Its vector was predominantly Priapic, it bristled with erections, extrusions, extensions, and just generally blunt objects against soggy surfaces. The question of obscenity is irrelevant here, FUCK YOU was carefully calculated (with love) to shock the shit out of the very people who would be the first to burn it publicly: "Sooner or later the fuzz are going to puke us into the slams", Sanders kept railing. "However, we do want to spew out a few more issues before the Jansenists, perverts and fuckhats carry our limp bodies to jail."

They carried him off to jail, all right--he spent some fourteen hours there before Miriam Sanders bailed him out, listening to the cops down the hall roar hugh guttural bellylaughs while the worked through the 'evidence' they'd lifted from the Peace Eye bookstore, (sans warrant, oddly enough). Yeah, the fuzz was laughing like hell. And that's where the DA's list of exhibits -- FUCK YOU, BUGGER, FAREWELL THE FLOATING CUNT, Auden's PLATONIC BLOW, THE BEAUTIFUL BOOK, BLACKLIST, and KING LORD QUEEN FREAK--evades any legal 'definition' of Obscenity: there's nothing here that should even remotely titillate anyone's prurient interest. Some of it's poetry, good and bad, there are interviews, articles and fiction of manifest 'redeeming social importance'; but most of all, there's the tremendous bel-lowing physical--call it obscenity, there's no better word for it--that makes you roar, if you're healthy, or quake if you're not. There's a significant difference.

As Kinsey noted long ago, lower-social-strata people are generally pretty realistic about sex, being fairly physical by nature, menes sana in corpore disposito; while upper-social-strata people tend to be more hung up over the whole

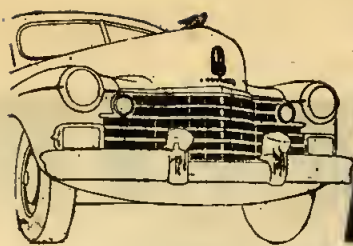
thing, alienated from the functions of their own bodies by a moral tradition that derives more directly from an anti-sexual Cartesian sort of Puritanism: Kinsey went on to point out the specific differences between cops and judges, and their comparative incomes. (Sounds like a horny bit of Marx, no?) The cops broke down over Sanders's stuff, in the Tombs; Sanders feels that he is just liable to get his arse cleaned by the magistrates, who have a different way of reading dirty words.

Sanders may get the shaft of 22 May, his latest criminal court calendar date--there's no telling what'll happen, once a judge summons up enough courage to say "Fuck You" aloud in a courtroom, in front of all those people. The NYACLU is defending Sanders, and they're prepared to shove FUCK YOU et al straight up to Washington, if need be. All things considered--the curious circumstances attending his arrest, the nature of the material under investigation, and the horselaugh absurdity of the catchall violation (1141 N.Y.S. penal code, quoted above) he's being prosecuted under--it's damn difficult to see how the authorities can uphold their allegation. If Sanders is subpoenaed to Washington, EVO will tag along for kicks.

Certainly NYS 1147 will never hold up under the scrutiny of the Warren Court: "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, disgusting or indecent" is a definition of nothing, what it is is a thesaurus entry. If Ed Sanders goes to jail, Shiva forbid, it'll be for some pasteboard contingency the Court juryrigs at the last moment, like Ginsberg's 'pandering' fuckup. Everyone of course feels pleased to censor--it's human, a cockroach couldn't censor--but only the Supreme Court possesses the power to do so legally; things may be a trifle better this way than otherwise, but the idea is still just too goddamned arbitrary. There are no definitions of obscenity, the concept is self-contradictory, like birth and love and death. Face it--Obscenity in America is that which the Supreme Court finds personally offensive.

Continued on page 13

THE LARA CENTER FOR LEARNING, a free service to all persons interested in the well-being of the planet's children. For information write: Ron Connally, The Lara Center for Learning, % Shyam Bhatnagar, 236 West 10th Street, NYC, NY 10028 LOVE IS STRONG AS DEATH



AMERICA PHANTASVAGORIA

Permutations and combinations for LBJ
by Kevin O'Flaherty McCool

Oh, monsters, is remorse dead in you?

--D.A.F. DeSade

I would say our existence is like a bridge -- They were living in the fourth world -- Brother said: "I know goddam well you're trying to drown me" -- American life bomb went authoritarian -- In the deepest levels of the unconscious we find not fantasies but telepathy -- The mouth of Giant Disfigured Face says "Tonoqui, tetlati, tetkaati, tey-toni, teixlileuh" -- Giving money to MOON-DOG as he played the upturned pails -- Johnson interested in Discipline -- I am the Hiroshima Werewolf -- I eat human flesh -- All opposites are contained in me -- I am yin and yan -- The psychoanalyst and the call girl, hip and square, the cannibal and the Christian, the vagina and the logarithm -- I am the sadist and the victim, and the Werewolf Bridge between them -- The guilt in the eyes of the victim and the accusation in the eyes of the sadist -- I am the Hiroshima bomb and the picture of Rita Hayworth on the bomb --

Historians and other social scientists veritably swarmed into the various wartime agencies after 1941, especially the Office of War Information and the Office of Strategic Services -- They were intimately associated with the war effort and with the shaping of public opinion to conform to the thesis of the pure and limpid idealism of the United States and our exclusive devotion to self-defense and world betterment through the sword -- The opposition of historians and social scientists to the truth about World War II is many times greater than the opposition of the previous generation to the truth about World War I --

The Devil lets them dream -- Breeding lilacs out of dead earth -- Super - Spy lets you see the hall toilets always plugged up -- The blind, mindless demon-sultan, Azathoth, muttering and gibbering at the center of infinity -- Super - Spy lets you see the levis, uniforms, leather, tattoos -- Perversion for profit industry --

"If there is no God all Hiroshima is permitted --" Recall the case of one lemmie --

The Armistice of November 11, 1918, did not put an end to the Allied blockade of Germany -- For many months after the war was over the Allies did not permit shipment of food to Germany -- The Labour Party in England sponsored a humane "Save the Children" movement -- But starvation continued to stalk "gaunt and livid through the streets of thousands of German towns" -- In Paris, Wilson appealed again and again for a free export of food-stuffs to Germany, but always the French Government thwarted him --

I got a tombstone disposition and a graveyard mind -- I'm a mean motherfucker and I don't mind dying -- The Equality Equation is always balanced -- It's what we call a Zero-Sum game -- Whatever A gives B, B gives back in equal amount -- You can call it Trade -- This happens when both parties are "free" -- The Authority Con works the other way -- Bassackwards and upgefucked you might call it -- Technically, it is known as the Thanatos Equation, One party is not "free" -- This is a Profit, or Non-Zero-Sum game -- Party A, the authoritarian player, always wins -- His gains mathematically equal the losses of Party B the gook or prole or lemmie, technically known as He-Who-Gets-Fucked -- Party A eventually gets to own the whole planet, or solar system, or the friggin galaxy -- The Werewolf Bridge between Party A and Party B is certain erotic and guilty looks in the eyes of the victim --

Many of Mr. Roosevelt's acts and negotiations were secret, sometimes so secret that even the Secretary of State was not informed about them -- Mr. Roosevelt acted for the most part without benefit of consultation or counselling from others -- He knew that the country as a whole would not accept his decisions -- In 1940 he told Churchill, "I may never declare war; I may make war" -- The debits must now stand largely against the man to whom the credits were once awarded --

"No man in this civilization knows what he wants from women. They're all hung up on the horns of the Orgasm-Death Gimmick."

Well, yes, I said, but -- did you think you might find out by killing all those poor women? Thirteen of them? -- Even if you could find out, do the ends justify the means?

"If one man finds the truth," the silky voice said, "even if a hundred women have to die for it, even if he himself has to die to satisfy the State's own lust, all others might be liberated --"

But, but -- I cried -- is that why you stopped? -- Did you find out?

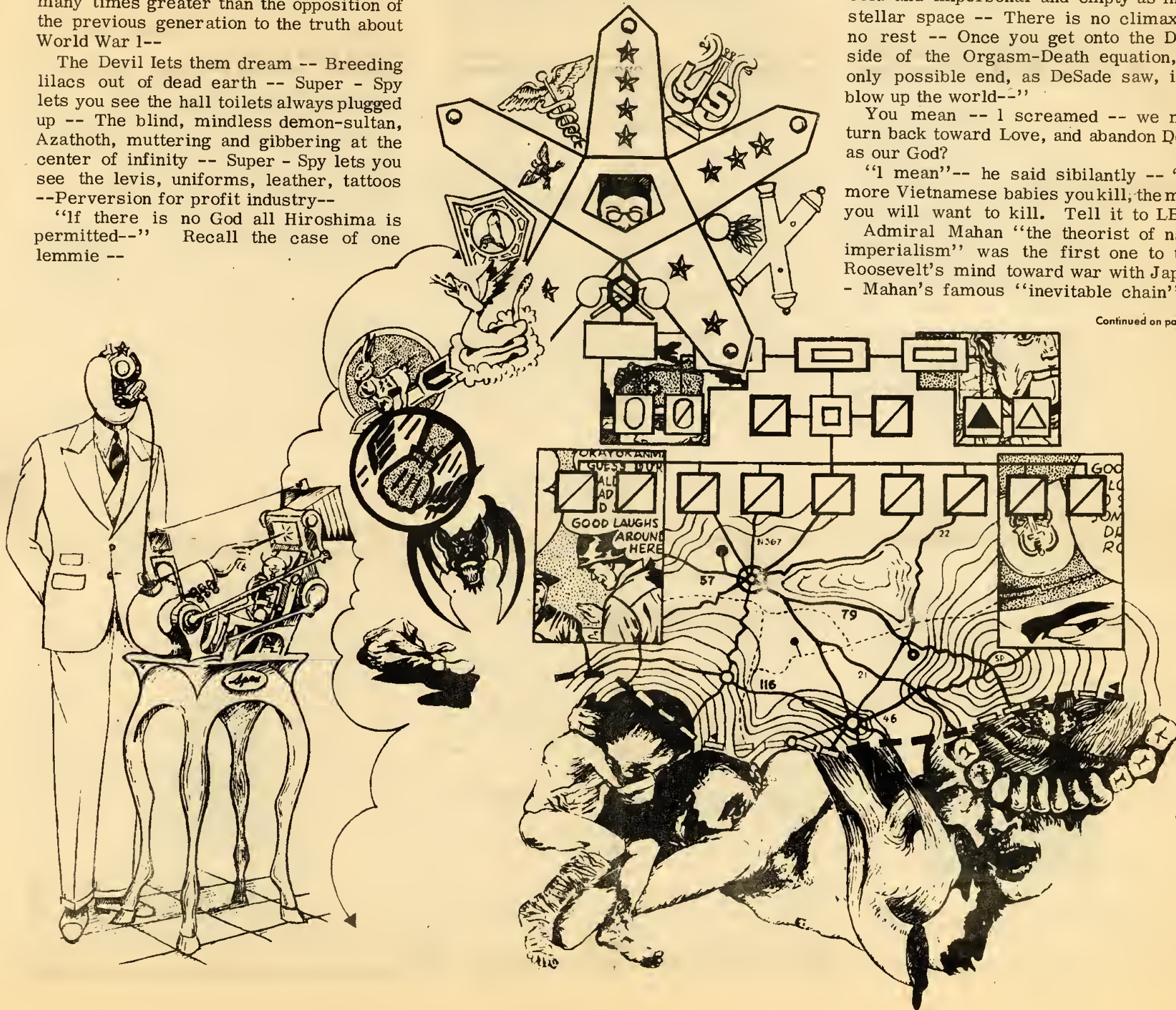
"I discovered a natural law," the voice of silk and satin and strangulation said -- "There is a limit to Eros -- That limit is orgasm and sleep -- It's a perfect feedback loop -- But there is no limit to Thanatos -- It is a drive beyond the body cold and impersonal and empty as interstellar space -- There is no climax and no rest -- Once you get onto the Death side of the Orgasm-Death equation, the only possible end, as DeSade saw, is to blow up the world --"

You mean -- I screamed -- we must turn back toward Love, and abandon Death as our God?

"I mean" -- he said sibilantly -- "the more Vietnamese babies you kill, the more you will want to kill. Tell it to LBJ."

Admiral Mahan "the theorist of naval imperialism" was the first one to turn Roosevelt's mind toward war with Japan -- Mahan's famous "inevitable chain" of

Continued on page 15





These four guys make up the Vanguard blues group known as the Siegal-Schwall band. They were in New York a few weeks ago at the Cafe A Go Go, sharing the bill with one of the old pros, Howlin' Wolf, and somehow found the time to roll over to the EVO office and rap and smoke and pass the time in front of a small tape recorder.

LAKE: Any comments on LSD, as a chemical or social phenomenon?

SIEGAL: I've never taken it. (putting everybody on:) I never shoot the stuff.

SCHWALL: I like LSD for something to do. I don't particularly believe in making a religion out of it, or having my consciousness expanded, but it sure makes 18 hour bus trips a lot easier.

LAKE: Are you the only one in the group that turns on?

SCHWALL: No. But I'm the only one that's played (on stage) with acid.

LAKE: How do you find it affects your performance?

SCHWALL: I've never tried playing during the first 4 or 5 hours. I'd sort of hate to.

SIEGAL: Actually, it makes his performance really great. Not musically, you know...but he's really funny.

SCHWALL: Maybe this is just part of being a blues musician, but as far as something to do before going on stage, I dig beer and wine.

LAKE: How about pot?

SIEGAL: I never use it.

SOMEONE: But you get a contact high every time, you definitely do.

SIEGAL: Well, I don't believe in smoking stuff, and I really think it's evil and immoral, but if you ARE smoking it, I don't mind if you blow it in my direction.

LAKE: Are you for real? You've never blown pot?

CHADWICK: Corky doesn't need it. He's already at where we want to go.

SIEGAL: When I start feeling good, that's when I gotta watch out. You know, it's funny...cause no one believes me. I know this guy in Chicago who used to be a big TV producer, made the acid scene, and now he says, "One, three, seven, LBJ, baby..." and he has a big smile on his face and he's snapping his fingers, "Hey man, how have you been, where have you been, who have you been, what have you been..." ZAP!

SCHWALL: Did you catch Dragnet's new series on the tube? Their kickoff show was a big acid expose thing..how the law was passed in California, and how they can bust you. It was really very funny. They were standing around talking about all the bad things that happen with it. All I could think of through the whole show was how they must have really gotten burned. Somebody laid some really bad stuff on em, man.

LAKE: How about some words on ... well, I'll throw you three words: Politics, Vietnam, and the draft.

SIEGAL: Politics: I don't know anything about it. Vietnam: The whole thing, you know, killing and fighting, seems silly, so I don't even think about it. I can't even comprehend the whole thng. Draft: (censored)

SCHWALL: That seems to be about where all of us are at.

CHADWICK: I think the tragedy in Vietnam is that some people are making money out of it.

LAKE: The last time I was in Chicago, there was a little foray in a place called Cicero, and Martin Luther King was on the scene, along with a few hundred thousand Negroes, and a lot of blood, and rocks, and Italians, and so forth.

SIEGAL: I have a lot of words to say on that subject. I was prejudiced FOR Negroes, before I had to work at Pepper's, where I almost got killed every night, and it's a FACT....I mean, let's fact it...they're bad off. A lot of them are in bad shape. What the reasons are isn't pertinent. It doesn't matter.

LAKE: Bad shape, how?

SIEGAL: They're low class. And as far as integration goes, I'm definitely for it. Because the only way they're not going to be low class is by integrating.

CHADWICK: The whole thing is more personal as far as I'm concerned. Integration or separation were never really issues in my mind. Mostly just because the people that I knew on the South Side were musicians, who are one of the most friendly people on earth. I never felt a threat at Pepper's. The only place in Chicago or Harlem that I've ever been up tight was in a Polish neighborhood on the West Side of Chicago. The kids with the black leather jackets and the chains, I can't understand them at all.

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SIEGAL: The point is, at Pepper's you know, there we were. And a woman pulled a kitchen knife on me, and a man pulled a knife on me. Russ and I were sitting in the car, and one of the car windows was broken, and they tried to grab us. But they only time I really got hurt, you know, beat up, was by three white guys. At Pepper's, this guy came up to me and grabbed me, and lifted me up and said, "Hey whitey, whadda you doin' in a place like this?" and here I am up in the air, hanging from his big fists, and I say, "Like, hey, man, what's happening?" and he said, "Oh, hey, very nice." And we sat down and talked.

"Well, ya say ya got a lot a time, so why not kill a little?
And ya know there's a lot a blood, so why not spill a little?
And the boss man's diggin graves, so why not fill a few...

Uncle Sam
Wants you, ba doo ba doo ba doo.

Well, if you sign up right now you get a set of silver wings,
You can rape them, sack them, plunder, pillage, and pilfer things,
You can learn to bomb for LBJ and kill for you, Uncle Sam
Wants you, ba doo ba doo ba doo.

Well, you can pillage each village, where the fighting takes you,
Makes you wanna get there fast - the army says it won't last much longer...

I know there's always a few that are opposed to war,
But every real true patriot always goes to war,
So what's a poor young student supposed to do? Uncle Sam
Wants you, ba doo ba doo ba doo.

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Yes, everybody and her enzymes wants to be a censor. There's something supremely gratifying about twisting words and phrases out from a block of print, wrenching them off the page like bloody twigs and branches: the work howls under its mutilation like one of Dante's damned. Censoring is excused from a position of immaculate social / sexual selfrighteousness, it's all very responsible and official, and there's a bit of the old Catcher in the Rye syndrome to it--preserving all of those sweet helpless innocents, who will never read the work in question, from exposure to words and ideas that wound the censor herself. Editors have to work for a living; censors just are..

(2)
 (...but big fat attitudes of gradually odiferous grandiosity...fanatical fratramatrahomelisside! those murdering Mummies! American Legion! cubscouts and brownies! Cootie-car-clutch-cults storming, storm-troopering...Rotaries! Rosaries! the rock-bearts of ol'masonry...Egyptian Rosicrucians! the whole boulevard is misunderstanding life...which is all right but don't blame love only lack off! Don't you point at me! my jabbering, my gibberish, my unintelligible screams & squacks & croaking..don't lay it on my back, my thoroughfare...I know you'd like to...isn't like as though I've been hung enough & bugged enough & dragged along by sheer bullshit all my life throughout yours...)
 (ANGEL, p.14 mss.)

Ray Bremser composed ANGEL, a long jazz-poem to his wife Bonnie, along some sixteen hours of solitary confinement in a jail somewhere. The location, the circumstances, don't matter much, see one Hole you've seen them all...Bremser has clocked more time behind bars than Jean Genet, and he's much younger--that's where Bremser does his thing, it seems, behind bars.

The slam is a wonderful apt place for a thoughtful kid to find himself. About ten years ago, when the Beat Generation was all abloom, Bremser was a ward of the Borden town Reformatory, scrawling off reams of jazzpoems and corresponding with Allen Ginsberg. Since then, he's published a long poem, MADNESS, in a Tompkins Square Press paperback, and several shorter works for DOWN HERE, the GREAT SOCIETY, the Sanders press papers, and various other places. He issues in and out jail periodically--once you've found yourself in a place like that, it's difficult to stay away.

Bremser's oeuvre is robbery, parole violation, and violent indiscretion; "Unlike Ghandi, I cannot fight my cause with silence", he told an IN magazine interviewer last year. "I have to shout. I have to scream and rant. Unfortunately, in some of my screamings and rantings I have been indiscreet. I was sent back as a parole violator because I attacked the penal system in Jersey on a television show, the Ralph Collier show." Back to the slam, with a pencil.

ANGLE, a jailpoem, carries the reader along a huge variegated stream of solitary confinement consciousness. Images surface and subside constantly, always elusive and always real, repeating themselves and folding into one another with a kind of elastic, deeply pigmented insanity; and all along the text, Bremser's gorgeous thundering deliquescent verbiage inundates and overwhelms your consciousness, until you're being swept along by all five senses, uncomprehending, unquestioning, in a kind of rapport that verges on satori.

(3)
 put your left hand on your cock and your right hand on page 3 of a 4 page dirty story...you think that's only a hardon? feel! it's rapport with your personal obscenity, but get outta mine!

O, holy anus holy everything Allen says...your last chance is looking at you...put down your armor & take love into your hands...once feeling those breasts you can never put it down. (ANGEL, p. 12 mss)

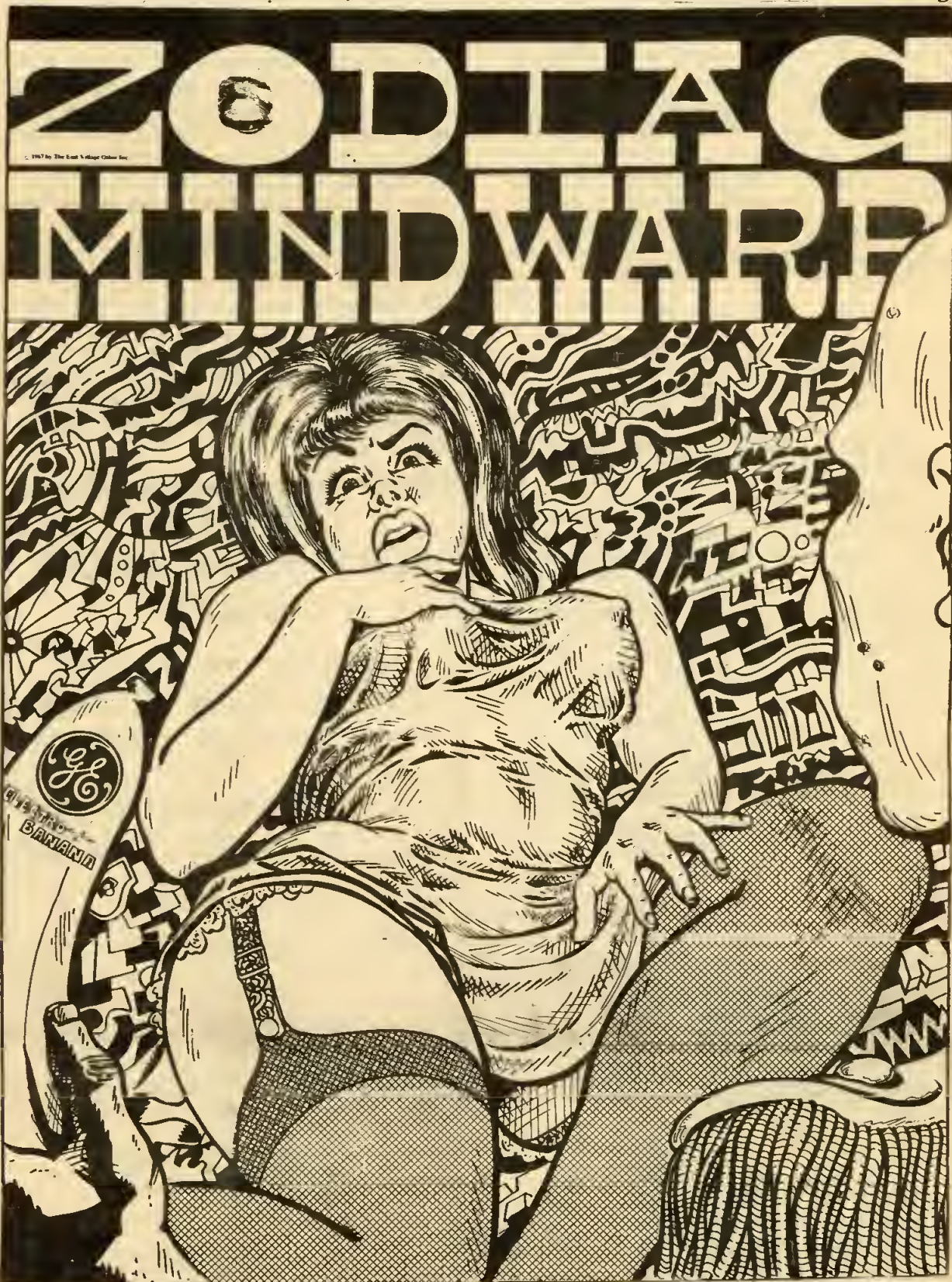
Yes, ANGEL is presently being censored. It's not the cops this time, or the courts, it's a lady who works for a publishing house, Edwards Brothers, in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Any sort of attempt at censorship is bound to look fairly ridiculous, but the scene between Edwards Brothers and the Tompkins Square Press (Bremser's publishers) touches the extreme limits of the absurd.

Edwards Brothers is the largest printer of short-run publications in this country: they do Ferlengetti's CITY LIGHTS, among others, and Ginsberg has had them print parts of KADDISH. Larry Poole, pro-

prietor of the Tompkins Square press and bookstore, had the Galleys for ANGEL composed in New York, at Grove, and shipped them to Edwards, with a hefty deposit check, to be run off under a curious 'shoot and run' arrangement.

A 'shoot and run' bit stipulates that the Michigan printers will run off the entire edition in four days at the most, providing that--now get this--providing that the ladies who work in the Edwards plant do not have occasion to view any material which they might find objectionable. Mr. Edwards' own peculiarly Victorian rationale for this condition runs to the effect that "it slows down production to have anything of a 'pornographic' nature on the premises, in the basis that the women would doubtless be reading it." Now, there's a sentiment straight out from MY SECRET LIFE --or is it APE AND ESSENCE?

Larry Poole sent his goddam gorgeous galleys to Edwards, along with an order for one thousand hardcover ANGELS and five thousand paperbacks, and a deposit check. Two weeks later the galleys were back in New York, along with a deposit refund--Edwards having deposited Poole's check in their own account, before they found ANGEL to be objectionable. Poole, a trifle uptight over this development--he's already guaranteed three hundred advance orders for the hardcover--called Edwards, and found that yup, a lady employee had glanced through a sheaf of ANGEL galleys she'd found lying of some gentleman's desk. It disturbed her. She had no business being



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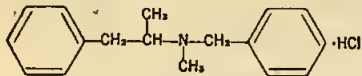
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anywhere in the area, but she complained nonetheless. Poole got his galleys back, unpublished.

That's the hassel. Edwards won't print ANGEL because some lady thrilled over it and held up their precious production. So Poole, who had expected to start selling ANGEL last month, is now obliged to wait until May, at the earliest. Tompkins Square Press is presently suing Edwards Brothers for loss of prestige, delay in the execution of a legal contract, assault on character, a few other miscellanea. "The idea that Edwards Brothers can define pornography, without consitutional authority, is ridiculous", Larry Poole is growling, "and it gets me pissed."

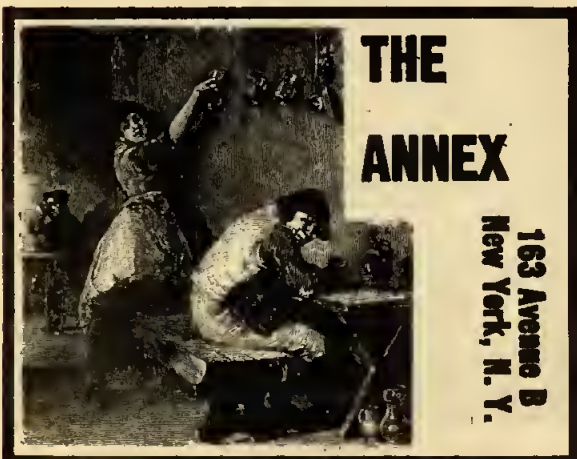
Tompkins Square Press is not one of your carnival corporation cartel publishing warehouses, jealously guarding and nursing a flock of neuraesthenic artists and doing handstands for prepublication publicity; and Larry Poole is not one of your ringmaster publishers, dedicated entirely to profits and press releases, regarding typewriters as money machines. Tompkins Square Press puts out DOWN HERE, a quality quarterly celebrating the new Underground artists, the Kuchar brothers, happenings, off-off-off Broadway drama, Bukowski, post-Pop art, anything that out-avantes the avante-garde. And Poole doesn't pamper his writers--he gets drunk with them, corresponds with them, lends and mooches money from them. For those artists that wish to, the Tompkins Square Press is the East Coast decompression chamber for surfacing Undergroundlings.

Ray Bremser is going to surface very soon now, whether he likes the idea or not. ANGEL isn't merely the perfect technical, critical, and spiritual swift kick in the arse contemporary verse so desperately needs--it's the unmistakable and irresistible voice of a poet, a human being, a man. Of Bremser--and he's irresistible. He just happens to be the sort of man who brings out the censor--impulse in otherwise decent ladies from places like Ann Arbor Michigan.



A-HEADS' ANSWER?

Absentminded A-Heads are indebted to Abbott Laboratories in California for Cyclert, a new chemical bag with all the positive properties of meth, few of the negative qualities, and a wild refurbishing effect on the memory synapses. Ribonucleic acid, which greases the memory traces in the brain, can be artificially stimulated through Cyclert, which is a combination of magnesium hydroxide and pemoline: pemoline is a quasi-barbituate stimulant available only in Europe. Cyclert, while not hallucinogenic, encourages insomnia, A-mong, three-o'clocks, and a mild, meditative sort of mini-depression. Berkeley students are hip to Cyclert already, and the underground market is rife with the stuff; aboveground, in actual classroom experimentation, Berkelyites have recorded a phenomenal 65-98% increase in French language comprehension, using Cyclert. The drug, developed in 1956 by Dr. Erwen Cameron of Albany, has not yet been cleared by the FDA for medical prescription. Whether the fourth street pushers are on to the stuff is another question.



LBJ

Continued from page 11

industry / markets / control / naval bases, was impressed on Roosevelt's mind toward 1914 -- Roosevelt saw that control of the Pacific market was indispensable for the survival of finance capitalism, and that Japan was America's natural antagonist there -- LBJ follows today, in his China policy, the basic thinking of Roosevelt's Japan policy, China having replaced Japan as our antagonist -- His policy of seeking war through continuous provocation, forcing the enemy to fire the first shot, is derived from Roosevelt's brilliant maneuvers leading up to the Pearl Harbor triumph--

Money-Stimulus -- Stimulus to elicit a response -- All money is either a commodity or a promise -- Ez screaming over Rome radio -- 1200 days of Sodom on the Mekong Delta -- This plant actually eats insects and bits of meat! -- The Signifying Monkey to elicit a response -- The name of the game is Billy Budd-- Harry Rumbold, hangman-god springs the trap -- "God bless Captain Lyndon!" -- A voice muttering in Finnegan's sleep screams suddenly: "Be the Viet Cong principal or be the Viet Cong agent, I will wreck my vengeance upon them! They cut off my fore-skin -- I mean my leg -- Librium -- Miltown -- Tofranil --"

A bad dream -- Kafka's Trial is a bad dream -- And history a nightmare from which we are seeking to wake -- "Denham would have come! The dunce! Inane!" -- "No, it wasn't the planes -- It was duty that killed the beast."--

Money made out of nothing -- A federal reserve note is a promise -- It is not a commodity -- Who is promising what to who? -- 1200 days of Mekong on the SODOM DELTA -- The judge with the stinking arse-hole -- the aristocrat -- The bishop screaming for babies' blood -- the money-lender -- DeSade saw it all, the VIET ROCK -- American life bomb went authoritarian -- Obedience, the root of all evil -- "The only voice Sub-Mariner can hear is the voice of the Puppet Master" -- Avoid foreign entanglements. Washington's last speech -- It is a Liberal War, and that's the worst kind -- To unleash divine pentagon sources -- I know no more about it -- A child is being beaten.

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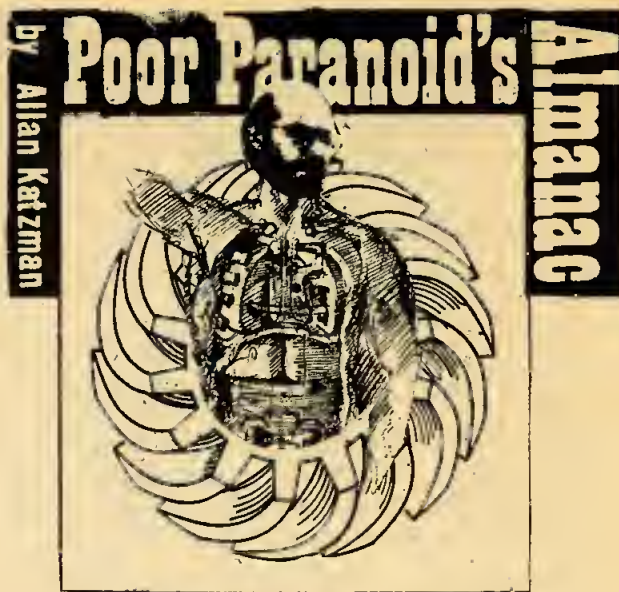
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SURVIVAL CITY: The East Village is coming of age. Everywhere there are signs of creative communal activity. Be-In's and Sweep-In's head the list of the newly organized spiritual community. Many more ideas and projects are going to be germinating as 1967 gets into full swing. Before it does I'd like to propose an idea that I have been considering for a long time.

A large amount of land and buildings in the East Village are owned by the City and are lying around unused. If the Community got together and bought a building, figuring 10% down on the initial price, we could then form a multi-media, rock and light commune. We could rent out part of the building to already going concerns but as far as the rock group commune goes, this can be free to the community except those from outside. The monies made from "the freak palace", a possible name for the activity, could be ploughed back into community events such as clean-ups, be-ins, etc. All community members will be given a card stating they are members of the Bohemian Union which would be correlated with a list of names as a safety check. Therefore all services in the community would be free of charge and the community would be self supporting.

This is an idea that the people in the East Village can work with and groove. If anyone is interested in its possibilities drop a line to EVO, or phone and a possible meeting could be organized.

The Be-In planned for March 26 will take place in Central Park as scheduled. Just come, no special place will be designated but thousands will be there so follow the love vectors and bring bananas.

They are planning another Be-In for April 15th called "A Megalopolitan Peacepipe Pow-Wow". All Love brothers will gather at Sheep Meadow (near 66th St. and Central Park West) at 11 a.m. -- Walk to the UN about 2 p.m. in community with Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam.

Beginning April 1st rumor has it the streets in the East Village will be cleared of Junkies and A Heads. The Jade Companions of the Flower Dance are lending their legal services when arrests begin to occur on Amphetamine Row and Heroin Alley.

BOO HOO'S of the Neo-American Church are entitled to Draft Deferment as Clergy of the Church. The Church will gladly write letters requesting Draft Deferment or Exemption for Members and Clergy. Write Neo-American Church, P.O. Box 191, Mount Eden, California 94577.

Many letters have poured into EVO requesting info on how to smoke the Jackson Illusion Pepper. So here goes. Purchase one rotten pepper (must be rotten), and a pack of Pall Mall's (must be Pall Mall's) and use pepper as a filter for the cigarette by burning a hole in both ends of the pepper. Columbia students swear by it. So cross your fingers and have a happy hallucinogenic.

The Gramercy Welfare Center is now reclassifying psychologically disabled welfare cases as LSD addicts through Bellevue psychiatrists.

WMCA-AM Radio reported that the use of marijuana has doubled in the U.S. in the last few years. The most frightening aspect is that the new users are almost entirely from the upper socio-economic group. Arrests of marijuana users have jumped from 6000 to 15,000 this past year.

If you're smoking a joint, 8 chances out of 10 it has been grown in the U.S. Therefore, smoking Pot will not adversely affect the U.S. balance of payments bag.



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'The Deer Park' is now playing at the Theater de Lys on Christopher St., and I urge you to get down there and see it. If you despise the theater, for its dullness of mind, its shabby insight, its failure of nerve, try it just this once more. You might hate 'The Deer Park' but I guarantee this: it certainly will not insult you." — Pete Hamill, N.Y. Post
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SAN FRAN MIME TROUPE

The San Francisco Mime Troupe left Buffalo last weekend and a whole lot of people were looking at each other and wondering about courage.

The Troupe spent a week in seminar and on stage at the University of Buffalo demanding that the youth of America build up their courage by sabotaging their 'cool' and bombing conditioning right out of their lives. They talked about the power of autonomy, and the never-changing quality of Sabretts hot dogs, and the need to put cynicism, escapism, fear, guilt, and idealism instantly aside because this is really it—now is the time for action and the culture is extinct and soon the forests and the caves of the future will be seen clearly.

And then they went to Calgary, Alberta, Canada. A student group invited the Troupe to Calgary to perform their "Minstrel Show or Civil Rights In A Cracker Barrel", an outrageous musical plague which confronts the audience with its own guilt-ridden fears while Rufus Blood stands on the corner of 125th and Lenox grinning: "Uptight? Outtasight!"

A University regency doesn't like to be put through changes, so the one in Calgary got together with the police and planted two student 'guides' with the theatre company. When the time was right, the cops appeared all over the place with search warrants and busted actor Lee Vaughn for possession of marijuana.

Naturally, the establishment was convinced that the show would not go on, but the versatility of the guerilla Troupe allows for ambushes and the missing actor was replaced in his role by R.G. Davis, the director. The disappointed cops released Vaughn on \$1000 bail (they had asked the court to set bond at \$100,000) and waited for another chance to put the show to death. The opportunity never arose and Minstrel-Show-Time was approaching, so the cops got some more search warrants and seized R.G. Davis and actor Ronald Stallings on a charge of possession (the police reported that Davis had some 'flakes' in his coat pocket and that Stallings had some seeds).

By then the fuzz had everyone in Alberta believing that the Mime Troupe was a front for an international dope ring out to undermine society with the distribution of fiendish drugs. The courts, subsequently, denied bail to both defendants. A.M. Harradence, their lawyer, went to three different magistrates and each affirmed the denial of bail. Upon conviction the three will face a minimum sentence of two years in prison, even though they have no prior narcotics arrests.

That's the way Canada deals with 'dope fiends', baby, "and we don't kid around!!"

The S.F. Mime Troupe performs FREE SHOWS all week, all summer, in all the parks of San Francisco while being crushed by a \$15,000 debt. The actors get paid \$5 a show, and when they go on tours they always end up in the red, but its got nothing to do with bad business: The Mime Troupe just doesn't compromise.

The Troupe, formed in 1959 by Davis, has always been poor, but always on top of the changing times: The first Dance-Concerts and Light shows in San Francisco were put on by the Troupe when Bill Graham was their business manager and Chet Helms was still a Catholic. They spawned the Diggers, who set up an alternative to competitive game playing; they attracted the Burns Committee on UnAmerican activities with their brilliant satires, caused nice-old-man Kenneth Rexroth to tab them 'provocateurs', and stimulated creativity by waging guerilla theatre against cultural stupefaction while holding their plastic Commedia baseball bats high over their heads and wailing: KILL VOYEURISM.

Since its origin, members of the troupe have been arrested for singing Xmas carols in the street, performing their Commedia Dell'Arte productions in the parks without a permit, holding puppet shows in public places without a permit, unlawful assemblies, violations for fire, health, city and state ordinances, but have never been convicted of any of these charges.

The past eight years of harassment have been weathered with the help of ACLU counseling and the Mime Troupe's Brucian sense of humor, but now things are a little different:

1. The director and two actors are in a jail 3000 miles away from San Francisco and it looks like they're going to stay there for two years.
2. Creditors are being pressured to foreclose on their pieces of the \$15,000 debt.
3. The Hearst Corporation wants to kick the Troupe out of their studio and use it as a warehouse for its lies.
4. There's no money, no credit for rent, costume material, and everything else that goes into putting a new show on the boards.

The San Francisco Mime Troupe needs help. It is a non-profit organization and all donations are tax deductible: Send checks, money orders, etc., to the San Francisco Mime Troupe, Inc., 924 Howard Street, San Francisco, California.

You can also help if you will -- send letters to the State Department protesting the Canadian Governments right to hold R.G. Davis and Ronald Stallings without giving them the opportunity to post bail.

Send harmonicas, gifts, and beautiful things to Davis and Stallings to share with other prisoners in jail at Box 250, Station B, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Send a taste of love to a few people who are not afraid to be courageous in the face of ignorance.

BASTA!

Out at the newly founded L.A. Oracle a demon elf observed: "The difference between N.Y. and L.A. is the basic vibration due to the fact that L.A. is built on sand and N.Y. is built on granite." The first edition of this beautiful, insular, vacuous monthly "psychedelic" poem/paper is due off the press soon. Joe Dana, editor and founder of the LAO, went to S.F. originally to work with the mother Oracle where it seems a dispute arose which could only be settled by consulting the I Ching. Through the Ching Joe got the message that his karma just wasn't cut for Northern Cal., so he rationalised an ingenious plan: publish an L.A. Oracle, then someone was bound to do the same in N.Y. and the three monthlies could then be mailed to the same readers, who would think they were getting one floating weekly.

As I pondered the above, Dana bounded into the room right on psychic cue, looked at his watch, and announced that it was time for "the ceremony". In a twinkling everyone had removed their shoes and socks while Dana rolled out the Oriental rugs and lit the candles and incense. A beautiful chick started taking off her tights but decided that it wasn't, after all, absolutely necessary. All of us joined hands and sat in a circle which Joe called "The Oracle". Under Joe's instructions we zeroed in, listening to our hearts. I noticed that the pulse of the guy on my right seemed irregular, while the chick's on my left was pumping hard. Thinking of the chick, I began to get horny when Joe said "let the love flow from your heart around the circle." I completely lost it when then he said, "now let the love flow out of the circle." We prayed and meditated and thought clean thoughts like this for twenty minutes. It was very relaxing. Then the hands dropped and the holy Oracle staff got on with business.

First topic of discussion was how to make a million in the record business. Reformed tit-movie producer Stan Russell laid out the plan; fondling his prayer beads he intoned "We want to sell one Oracle record you can play every night for six months and loose weight by; one Oracle record you play to quit smoking; and another Oracle record to turn you on to the vibrations in your environment."

The Oracle seemed a long way from being a newspaper. But then, the only one in L.A. that the civilized world would recognise is the Free Press. As for dailies, the headlines scream WAR louder and more righteously than even the Daily News. The shit can be felt hitting the fan.

Meanwhile, in Topanga Canyon where all the acid heads and rock groups live, there is much talk of the Be-In in the Grand Canyon this summer. The rumor is that the saucers will make a landing and we shall be given the word.

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KRASSNER FREAKS FREE THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION TO EXCESS ACIDITY

I dropped out of being a night club comedian long before Dick Alpert had ever heard of Tim Leary. The Realist was my form of droppin in again. I felt that people shouldn't have to go to expensive night clubs in order to get controversial topical satire. And even if they wanted to, there were so many cities and towns that didn't even have night clubs.

Recently there was a 10th anniversary tribute to Rev. Howard Moody of Judson Memorial Church. It was held at the Village Gate. I spoke for about 20 minutes and it was funny enough for Art D'Lugoff to offer to book me there. I'm still going through changes. It would be an opportunity to try and pick up the torch that Lenny Bruce wasn't allowed to carry, but I'm not sure that's my scene.

I've been doing my thing at colleges, and benefits, for groups like SDS and SNCC and LEAP and Parents Aid Society--it's a way of making the readers and myself a little less abstract to each other. So I booked the Village Theatre for Sunday night, April 9, and decided to do a benefit for the Drop-Ins, which is the attitude if not the name of the Lower East Side version of the Haight-Ashbury Diggers.

And then a Digger gave me some LSD. Free. Charging for a love-drug would be a form of prostitution. It was the purest acid I'd ever taken, and four hours into the tip I decided that I wouldn't charge admission to the concert. When I was sane again I knew I would stick to that decision.

As I write this, my scapegoat and her assistant, the shit-on, are getting high on magic markers crossing out the \$2 price on the tickets, which will be given out at the Sweep-In on Sat., April 8th; if there are any free tickets left, they will be available at the Village Theatre Box office starting 10 am, Sunday, April 9th.

If I had an agent, he'd be slightly freaked.

by Paul Krassner

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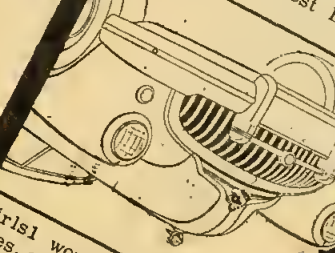
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I have recently returned from Berkeley where I was a member of the Sexual Freedom League, which means just that for those who are unfamiliar with it. There are group sexual parties, but mostly the relationship were one man and one woman in private, which I greatly prefer. I am now living there are any attractive girls who would like such a sex relationship. If so, please call me. I am 26, athletic, happy, attractive, and enjoy living. Claude 989 7232. No homos please

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